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AN
EMPIRE DIVIDED



— EPISODE III —
RAGE OF THE WOOKIEES



**JUMP TO
LIGHTSPEED**



BASED ON A GAME
RATED BY THE
ESRB **TEEN**
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THE CLONE RELICS QUESTS

The Clone Relic Quests begin all over the various worlds of the game. They'll teach you a lot about galactic history, and bring you into contact with some very familiar characters. While the quests are related, they are each separate — you don't need to finish them in any special order.

Since these are secret missions, we don't want to give away any spoilers. Just trust us, it's worth it to be on the lookout for them.

*We knew we wanted to introduce you to them, but we also knew that because of their unique nature and place in the lore, we didn't want to give away any big spoilers. This fiction piece by a dedicated **Star Wars Galaxies** player seemed like the ideal compromise. Enjoy.*

THE EXPLORER'S GUIDE TO THE CLONE RELICS

By Korren Faihon of Tarquinas server

Bestine Cantina ... one of the last places in the Outer Rim you'd expect to find an explorer claiming to hold the secret to a cache of relics from the war which saw the rise of the Empire.

Of course, he's probably a con artist looking to make a few credits from the local historical museum. That's why I've been sent to meet him — a junior clerk, no unique skills, my time worth very little and won't be missed following wild goose chases like this. He claims to be Corellian, which doesn't lend him favor in my eyes: I've never met a Corellian who

wasn't a braggart or a thief. And what's he doing on this rock of a planet, thousands of parsecs from his home? Surely he could find a higher price for his "wares" in the Core Worlds.

I enter the cantina as instructed, and eye the room for my subject. It's hard to see in the dim light — it's high noon, and the full fury of Tatooine's two suns makes it impossible to see indoors after you've been exposed to



the outdoor light. Most Bestine citizens are wisely asleep, or deep underground where it's cool ... though jealous of their comfort, this fact does make my job easier. In fact, the Corellian happens to be the only Human in the cantina, slowly sipping an ale in the corner while a cleaning droid makes its rounds.

The man has a silly, lop-sided grin on his face, clearly enjoying my discomfort. As I take a seat next to him, the bartender drops a mug in front of me — Vasarian Brandy, from the smell of it — and walks to a back room, giving us privacy. I size up the Corellian, though I've never had an eye for interpreting much based on appearance. He seems a mixed stereotype: a ragged explorer and soldier, face weathered from long days under a beating sun, outfit simple, a blaster at his side, and something in his eye ... perhaps wisdom, or a belief in that religion called the Force? Yet he seems youthful, definitely in the better half of his life, as if his toughness comes, not from a long life, but from one started earlier than most.

I clear my throat. "So, Mr. Faihon ... where do we begin?"

He chuckles, and slowly lifts something from a bag in the chair next to his. He drops the object in front of me without speaking a word.

It's a DC-15 Carbine, used by the Republic army during the Clone Wars.

I try to hide my shock behind an aura of authority. "You do realize that owning such a weapon is illegal under Imperial law?" I stammer. "You could be sentenced to death for owning this!"

He chuckles again; he seems to enjoy this small show of amusement. He speaks, the first words he's uttered since I arrived. It's a simple request: "Don't you want to know where I found it?"

I want to know, and he wants to tell. It appears there's something to this Corellian. I take a sip of the brandy and settle into my seat, eager to hear his tale; how he ran into this relic of the Clone Wars. It seems the carbine isn't the only treasure he's found ...

THE IMPRISONED GEONOSIAN

He begins his tale:

"I once met a Geonosian on a planet filled with slaves and slavers. Seems this fellow was a researcher, there to study the local population — I know, I've never heard of a Geonosian interested in anything but war either, but there you have it. But trouble followed his every step, and it wasn't long before he wound up on the wrong side of local law and was placed in prison.

"I met him because I too was placed in the same prison, but that doesn't matter. Now, don't get me wrong, I ain't a fan of those bugs since that stunt they pulled with the Confederation. But his story had some credibility, and heck, I've got a soft heart, so I helped him out. I had to travel from one side of the galaxy to the other to clear his name, but in the end my reward was a lifelong companion where I never expected one."

"So you helped free him?" I prompt.

"When did I say the Geo was the companion?" he retorts with a chuckle. I concede the point, and wonder what it was he earned from the insect.



A FALLEN HERO

"It was shortly after that I found myself in a party hunting sludge panthers — if you don't know what those are, don't ask. We found our way to a local cantina, and over a number of drinks I made a friend whose name is unimportant. My friend was, he acknowledged, a Clone: a soldier from the old wars, body slowly dying on him despite medical and mechanical enhancements. I helped him with a problem, and he gave me something I'll forever treasure."

I gasp. "His armor! Or ... a piece of it! He gave you a piece of his armor!" *I can barely contain my excitement. Such a relic would fetch an emperor's ransom.*

"I never said that."
Another chuckle. "Here, have another drink; we aren't done yet."



NOT PARTNERS ASSOCIATES

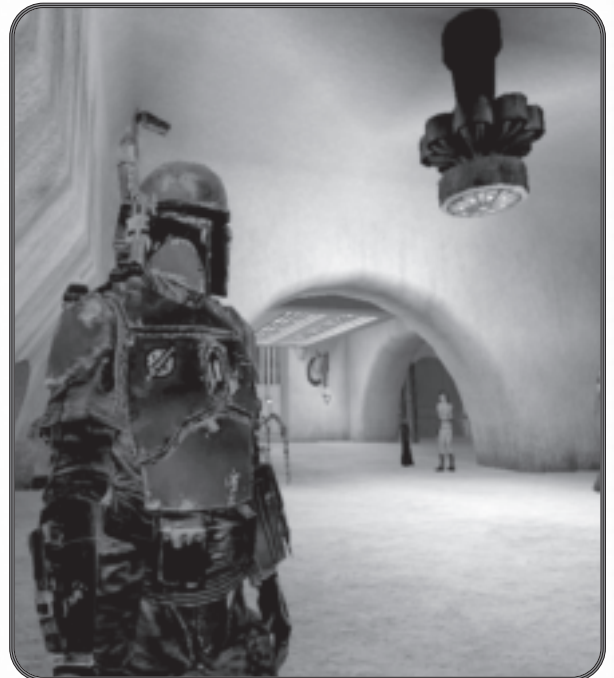
"That gun in front of you ..." *He motions at the counter, where the gun still rests.* "That gun was a gift from the depths of this planet, given by a man more powerful than you could possibly imagine. Why he chooses to spend his time here, in the court of such a disgusting beast, is beyond me. But I assisted him with a special problem he was having, and he gave me that gun."

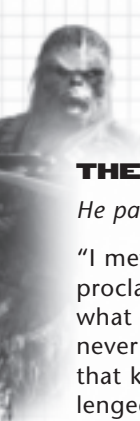
"So you were partners with this ... man?"

"Not partners; associates. He'd have killed me had I asked to be partners."

I gulp, and look to change the subject; death has always bothered me. "Does ... does the gun still function?"

He nods. "Killed a man with it soon as I got it ... and that isn't the only blood it's seen."





THE GREAT HUNTER

He pauses, thinking his next words over.

"I met another man on this blasted planet ... self-proclaimed 'greatest hunter of all times,' though what he was hunting in the middle of a cantina I'll never know. I couldn't stand the man's bragging — that kills me, listening to stuff like that — so I challenged him to prove I was his equal. I equaled him all right, and bested him at that. Sure, he knew how to handle a rifle, but not in the way I learned ... not a soldier's way."

"What did you do?" I prod.

"Slew a terrible beast, one that had eluded the great hunter himself. Such a horror it was ..." *He stopped short. I prompted him to continue.* "It was the first terror I'd felt since I was a child. I nearly fled in panic at the sight of the creature."

"What ... what was it?"

He becomes defensive. "Why? So you can look its name up in an encyclopedia? Witness its might through a holographic replay? Would that make you feel courageous? What right have you to know its name? I'm the one who killed it, and I'll decide who I share my secret with! How many men could stand up to such a creature and have a mere shimmer of hope of defeating it?"

"You sound like that hunter," I reply softly. He hears me, though, and chuckles again.

"You're right," he replies. I sigh, relieved. "But I still can't tell you its name ... it still gives me nightmares. If you want to know, you'll have to find the hunter. Maybe you'll be up to his challenge as well."

Me? Womp rats are enough to give me the chills.

THE STAR MAP

"I decided I needed a vacation after that monster. I hypered to the Naboo system, intent on visiting the Imperial Palace and a few local landmarks ... but I ran into a few 'friends' along the way. Our chat was short and left me crashed in the southern regions of one of Naboo's moons ... Roni? Something like that. Anyway, I wasn't the only person having ship trouble."

"I found a crash site on my way to the nearest starport, no more than a click away, and inside was a map such as I had never seen. Can't tell ya what was on it ... belonged to a great pirate king, who conveniently happened to be vacationing in the very city where I ended up. He paid me to track down the other pieces of the map, and conveniently enough gave me some spare parts to fix up my ship."

I slowly shake my head. "Geonosians, clones, a cocky hunter, a man 'more powerful than I can possibly imagine ...' and now a pirate king? It sounds a little incredible, despite what you've shown me." *And it does.*

"Oh, it gets better," he assures me. This ought to be good.



FIST OF THE EMPIRE

"Next you're going to tell me you worked for the Emperor himself," I tease.

"Almost, but not quite." *Apparently I'm not too far off the mark.* "But I did find something of interest to an important Imperial on the planet where I found that Geo. Ever hear of the Sisters of the Night?"

I nod. Who hasn't? The Witches of Dathomir: wild bands of women said to control the elements from atop their rancor mounts, slaughtering any traveller unlucky enough to find his way to that dreadful planet. Terrifying. I shudder.

"The Sisters leave many corpses in their wake ... and I just so happened to find one valuable enough to land me a new starfighter. Well, I wouldn't call it new ... but it beat the piece of junk I was flying."

"And you got this from an Imperial officer?"

And another chuckle. "Call him an officer to his face, and you'd find yourself dead. But yes, from a member of the Empire ... so don't expect to find anything if you're a member of the Rebellion."

"Why would I be that foolish?" *Honestly! Working as a junior clerk at a backwater museum is enough responsibility for me.*

"Watch your mouth," he replies. "The story isn't finished yet."



TO THE QUEEN'S AID

"Remember that vacation I had planned? I finally got back to it, and ran into a member of the Naboo royal family with a problem."

"Who?" *Naboo has a long tradition of female rulers ... does he mean the Queen? Or a relative? "Queen Amidala?"*

No chuckle this time. He roars with laughter. "Don't get the news very often out here, do ya? Amidala hasn't ruled Naboo in decades. No, not Amidala, but this person is every bit as beautiful as Amidala was."

He blushes. Affection, perhaps? Could he have known Amidala? No, he's much too young ... "Anyways, this person had a few friends in trouble, and asked me to help out. Royalty kill me — so much power, but they're helpless to assist a friend in need. I was contacted through channels the Empire would love to know about ... let's just say these contacts were more than a little 'rebellious.'

"I solved the Royal problem no sweat ... and made out with this beautiful piece of machinery."

He places a hologram projector on the counter. A ship of beauty such as I have never seen is displayed in the air ahead of me. I'm exasperated.

"Is that ..."

He grins, obviously proud of the ship. "One of a dozen at most still roaming the galaxy. Beautiful, isn't she?"

I can't find the words to tell him I agree. But he seems to understand anyway.



PASSING OF THE TORCH

I can sense the story has drawn to a close.

"So ..." Cough. "Mr Faihon ... do you truly intend to sell these things to our museum?" My pulse quickens, and I begin to speak rapidly. "Because if so, the people of Bestine will forever be in your debt. I cannot begin to explain how much this would ..."

He cuts me off with a wave of his hand. Such power behind that wave — as if an unseen force made me stop talking. "No, I am not going to sell my trophies. I am going to give them to you ... on one condition."

"Name it!" This is too good to be true.

"Follow in my footsteps, with your memory as guide. Find the places I've spoken to you about, and speak with those I came into contact with. Meet their challenges, assist in their troubles, exceed their expectations as I did — and you can have what is mine. That's all I ask."

Of course, something I can't do. "But I'm just a clerk at a museum! I know nothing of hunting or clones or Imperial law or witches or ..."

Another wave of the hand. "Quiet. You can and will accomplish this task. Every person has the power to change the universe if he so chooses ... and you're being asked far less than that. Take your first steps into a larger world, and you'll find yourself with power and resources you never dreamed of."

Why do I suddenly feel so bold, so fully of energy and hope? I grab a paper from his outstretched hand; it's a starship deed, to a freighter I assume is the one he crashed on Rori. In a daze, I set down my drink, nod at the Corellian, and make my way to the starport. Perhaps he's right ... maybe I can do this. But I see things clearly now. Dying on a far-away planet, on a mission over my head and beyond my capabilities ... surely such a fate is no worse than working as a junior clerk at an ancient historical museum on the forgotten world of Tatooine.